

Fals. I would it were bed time *Hal*, and all well.

Prin. Why? thou owest God a death.

Fals. 'Tis not due yet, I would be loth to pay him before his day: what need I be so forward with him that calls not on mee? Well, 'tis no matter, Honour pricks me on: yea but how if Honour prick me off when I come on? how then can Honour set to a leg? no, or an arme? no, or take away the griefe of a wound? no, Honour hath no skill in Surgerie then, no: What is Honour? a Word: What is that word Honour? Aire: a trimme reckoning. Who hath it? he that died a Wednesday? Doth he feele it? no: doth he heare it? no: 'tis insensible then? yea, to the dead: but will it not liue with the liuing? no: why? detraction will not suffer it, therefore Ile none of it; Honour is a meere Skutchion; and so ends my Catechisme.

Exit.

Enter Worcester, and sir Richard Vernon.

Wor. O no, my Nephew must not know, *Sir Richard*,
The liberall kind offer of the King.

Ver. 'Twere best he did.

Wor. Then are we all vndone,
It is not possible, it cannot be,
The King would keepe his word in louing vs,
He will suspect vs still, and find a time,
To punish this offence in others faults;
Supposition, all our liues, shall be stucke full of eyes,
For Treason is but trusted like the Foxe,
Who neuer so tame, so cherisht, and lockt vp,
Will haue a wilde trick of his ancesters:
Looke how he can, or sad or merrily:
Interpretation will misquote our lookes,
And we shall feed like Oxen at a stall,
The better cherisht, still the nearer death.
My Nephews trespasse may be well forgot,
It hath the excuse of youth, and heate of blood,
And an adopted name of Priuiledge,
A haire-braind *Holspur*, governed by a spleene,
All his offences liue vpon my head,
And on his Fathers. We did traine him on,
And his corruption being tane from vs.

We as the spring of all, shall pay
Therefore good Coosen, let not
In any case, the offer of the King

Ver. Deliuer what you wil, Ile fa

Hot. My vncle is returnd,
Deliuer vp my Lord of Westmer
Vncle, what newes?

Wor. The King will bid you B

Dow. Desie him by the Lord

Hot. Lord *Douglas*, go you a

Dow. Mary and shall, and ver

Wor. There is no seeming me

Hot. Did you beg any? God

Wor. I told him gently of you

Of his Oath-breaking: which he
By now forswearing that he is fo
He calls vs Rebels, Traytors, an
With haughty armes, this hatef

Dow. Arme Gentlemen, to ar
A braue Defiance in King *Henric*
And *Westmerland* that was ingag
Which cannot chuse but bring h

Wor. The *Prince of Wales* stept
And Nephew, challeng'd you to

Hot. O, would the quarrell lay
And that no man might draw sh
But I and *Harry Monmouth*: tell
How shewd his talking? seem'd i

Ver. No, by my soule, I neuer
Did heare a Challenge vrg'd mor
Vnlesse a Brother should a Broth
To gentle exercise and prooffe of
He gaue you all the duties of a m
Trimd vp your praises with a pri
Spoke your deseruings like a Chr
Making you euer better then his
By still dispraising prayse, valued
And which became him like a Pr

We